

BAR TABS

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... & drinking tips.

by Chef and The Pit Bull

So I and Al The Statistician and my Invisible Roommate John went to B.C. for Labour Day this year. We were headed for Kelowna, but we made a pit stop in Vernon first.

Now, I should explain some things about drinking in B.C.. They have cold beer stores, everywhere. They have cottage breweries, in a couple places, and cottage breweries have cold beer stores. Vernon has a cottage brewery, which might be why we stopped off there, probably.

I and Al were in the heavy Chevy: Al's Statsmobile: The Malibu From Heck, and we beat John there because he was driving his brother's camper, which doesn't corner so great. I and Al hit the brewery cold beer store, to stock up on some Spring Lager—Okanagan Spring being the name of the brewery.

It sets you on your heels at 11 in the morning

We met some fellas coming out who weren't happy because they couldn't get Blue, but we figured that until Labatt's starts selling Spring, it was reasonable enough to only find Spring at their own brewery. We were about to leave with some Lager, but then John showed up (the truck cornering better than we expected). So he thought we needed some stock to bring home, so we went back in, and were hemming and hawing over the selection, when the saleslady offered us some samples. We checked our watches, and it was only 11 a.m., but we figured, "What the heck, it's noon in Alberta," so we tried some.

They had Lager, which we had tried on previous trips; they had Pale Ale, their newest; they had St. Patrick's Stout, Old English Porter, and Old Munich Wheat Beer. The Lager is fine stuff: a little like a Big Rock or 'Scona lager, but the bottled doesn't hold up compared to the draft. Draft Spring rates—with Double Diamond draft—as one of the finest beers I have ever drunk.

The Pale Ale is like a stronger lager, and is a fine beer even when only cool, instead of cold. Stout tends not to be one of my favorites, but this stout was good: much smoother than the "Guinness" sold by Labatt's in Canada. The Porter weighs in at a hefty 8.5% alcohol by volume, making it the strongest beer I know. It also sets you on your heels at 11 in the morning.

The Wheat Beer is the most interesting stuff of the lot. It is made from wheat—hence the name—instead of barley, and it is advertised as "champagne beer". Unlike "The Champagne of Beers" (Miller) it has something in common with its namesake. Namely bubbles. Lots o' bubbles. Bubbles coming out (if not your ears) your nose, if you ignore the warning and try drinking it straight out of the bottle. Pour it in a glass, otherwise it foams all over motel room rugs and makes the place smell, so the manager looks suspicious at you when you walk through the lobby.

So we came home with some Porter, and Pale Ale, and Lager. We didn't buy any Stout because the only guy we know who drinks stout is winning the baseball pool we're in. We drank the Wheat Beer in a sitting, and were sorta broke when we came back through.

I and Al and my Invisible Roommate John all recommend Okanagan Spring now. This had been an unpaid political advertisement; unless you count the posters they gave me.

HUMOUR

All caution to the wind

by Kisa Mortenson

University students know how to do it right. Some of us, however, just know how to do it better.

It was a rainy, soggy day, but I was determined to find myself a party. I joined a group of friends for a birthday blast at one of the local buy-me-a-drink-pick-me-up-takeme-home hot spots.

Three for one night... A party... And dance fever... I was set for the night.

The party boy, Ted Notolerance, was drinking like a fish. I had to question whether he was safe to swim, though.

Eventually, I got out on the dance floor sober but not too serious. I had more energy to burn than Jane Fonda and so did my friends.

Ted made his way to the dance floor. Both having lost any inhibitions we may have ever had (Ted because of the booze, me because Jane Fonda had possessed my soul), we decided to really dance up a storm.

We chose to do some 50's dancing. American Band Stand... Dick Clark... Happy Days... I had seen them all and knew I could dance like the best of them. Ted, unfortunately, was treading water.

It was time to make our big splash. Ted tossed me over his back. Everything was fine until I kicked somebody in the head and then landed on my kneecaps on the dance floor instead of my feet. Ted, finally, had a girl on her knees at his feet. This was too much!

I limped off the dance floor—the victim of an overactive metabolism and a man who definitely couldn't swim.

Some of us may know how to do it better but that doesn't always mean safer...

SEPTEMBER AGAIN!

Fall.
Crash!
I've had enough!
I need sleep.
I have classes tomorrow.
Wake me at eight, Dennis.
Don't forget.

Friends.
Thirty thousand friends!
Milling. Looking. Talking. Wondering.
Students. Professors.
Look, it's Dr. David!
He's my Poli Sci professor.
He was a Rhodes Scholar, you know.

Dennis!
What's your major?
Music? No. Drama. Oh!
I haven't decided yet.
English, I think.
Oh my God, Dennis!
There she is! It's Kim!

Who?
Kim! At least I think it's Kim.
No. It's not Kim. She's gorgeous.
Who?
Kim! She's unbelievable!
God, I love her!
I really do.

Wait!
It is Kim! Hey, Kim!
Oh God, I'm so happy!
Kim! I can't believe it's really you!
Hugging, kissing, laughing!
Talking, looking, joking!
Eyes sparkling!

Here's my number!
Call me, Kim!
I love you, Kim!
There she goes.
Isn't she beautiful, Dennis?
I know she'll call me.
God, I'm so happy to be back.

Michael Alekskiuk

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